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# Another Spy Spoof Film: This One Set in Turkey

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If you think "That Man In Istanbul" is just another of those secret agent satires with lotsa half-clad babes, half-baked villains, electronic gizmos, sadistic killings, wild car

brutality than ever graced the covers of Crime Does Not Pay comic books, the movie is a two-hour marathon for masochists. The thin tale starts when the CIA is suckered out of one million dollars in ransom by some thugs who kidnaped an atomic scientist. [Just once, can't some goon have enough imagination to snatch someone in another line of work?] A young CIA cutie [Sylvia Koscina] immediately talks Turkey, and takes off for the middle east to recover the missing money and man.

## "That Man In Istanbul"

Directed by Anthony Isasi, produced by Nat Wachsberger, screenplay by George Simonelli and Nat Wachsberger, a Columbia Pictures release, first-run at neighborhood theaters.

### THE CAST

Tony ..... Horst Bucholz  
Kenny ..... Sylvia Koscina  
Bill ..... Mario Adorf  
Elisabeth ..... Perrette Pradier  
Schenck ..... Klaus Kinski  
Bogo ..... Alvaro de Luna  
Brain ..... Gustavo Re  
Josette ..... Christine Maybach

chases, wild chair throwing, and a loud, vulgar, dull, un-clever, and unfunny script, you're wrong. It's infinitely worse.

Flaunting more barbaristic

Barely off the plane, she hooks up with a deported American gambler [Horst Bucholz] who owns a night club in Istanbul. We know at once he is cool; he drives a red sports car and wears rose-colored, air force-type shades. Soon everyone is after the scientist's swag, including a clique of, what else, Red Chinese agents. At the finish line, at least 20 — count 'em, 20 — souls are left lying in pools of their own red ink, and someone even has tried to strangle Rorst with an electric shaver — an undisguised plug for the Nor-elco folks.

If the plot is bad, and it is, the dialog manages to one-up it. Threatening a bad guy high atop a tower, Bucholz snarls: "It's a long way down. They'll pick you off that street with a blotter." And finding a card which advertises public baths, he quips: "Sounds like good clean fun."

The actors are uniformly inadequate, as is the technician who tried to dub in some of their voices. Miss Koscina and a lightweight named Perrette Pradier are recognizable good-face, no-act types, while Horst seems like a boy sent to do a man's work. He whines his lines, attacks a supposedly flip-pant role with as much bite as Bozo the Clown, and as the head of his own gang, doesn't seem capable of leading fraternity boys across the street for free beer.

At one point, after a furniture-wrecking brawl, he remarks: "There must be an easier way to make a living." Maybe he should start looking around.

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